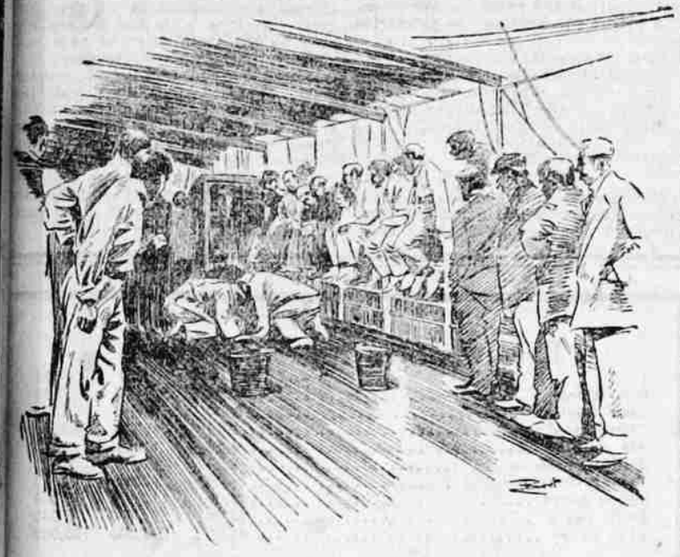
Looking on the Sunny Side of Life

On Board Ship the Chicagoan, Who Detested All Britons, and the Englishman, Who Thought All Americans "Boundahs," Join in Singing to the Same Tune, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and "God Save the King."



The Potatoe Race.

BY BERT LEVY.

(Copyright, 1912, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.)

LOOK! Just a long gray streak, there away on the horizon, slowly melting into the sky. That's all there is left to us of New York—New York with its life, its cafés, theatres, the hundred and one places you and I know and love so well. And above all the hundred and one dear souls whom we know and love so well, all this represented now by that dim gray line, growing still dimmer.

It is time to move away from friends on deck, to stand alone. Looking back and to moralize, there are many things we could have said and done; there are many little things we wish undone. It comes home to us how useless it is to struggle for things that are not to be. Wealth, power, fame, everything has shrunk to a blue gray nothingness and there remains but the memory of human love and companionship; the tears, the handshakes and goodbys, the sincerity of which money cannot buy and power cannot command.

Dainty guidebooks scattered throughout the big ocean liners describe the floating palaces, also the scenery of the Old World, but no mention is made of the chief beauty of travel, the beauty of human companionship, which is fully matured on board ship.

Amusing indeed it is to watch the gradual thawing of the icy manners adopted by some passengers at the start of the voyage. The sour faced, sarcastic man who found fault with the construction of the ship at the quay and with the nuts and cheese when two hours from New York proves by the time we have regis-

By Moonlight.

tered a day's run "a reg-lar crackajack of a fellow and real white," is my young tablemate (a girl from Kansas) puts it.

The little cliques that stood on the promenade deck as we left the wharf became as close as the United States two days out. The high toned lady who considers so-and-so "no class" (and does not keep her opinion to herself) at the start of the journey is seen caring for the "no class" one's baby before the journey is half completed.

Table grumblers, as a rule, are noticeably silent after about ten hours have elapsed. There are some people who live on bread and jam all the year round, and when they are invited to a wedding adversely criticise the champagne. This class of table grumbler is irrepressible, but gets a bad time at the hands of the healthy passengers. No voyage could bring forth more humor than a trip across the Atlantic on a great liner.

The sight of some bright American boys placing an empty whiskey bottle and a half-emptied glass by the deck chair of a sleeping Archbishop is calculated to bring a smile to the most melancholy face, and when the English "Johnny," who has been minutely describing his "twenty-eight voyages across the Atlantic, don't you know," and his absolute proof against seasickness, turns pale and suddenly dives below for his cigar case (as he puts it) the crowd fairly shakes with laughter.

It is astonishing how people get to know one another aboard ship. Lifelong friendships are bought by the loan of three antibilious pills, and the giving away of a little bit of corn plaster to one's cabin mate has not only extracted your friend's corn but the pathetically told story of his unhappy married life as well. On land you can run up against the average man for years and only exchange a formal word of greeting now and again, but should you meet that man aboard ship and in a weak moment offer him an apple or lend him a knife, he almost immediately tells you the story of the love affair that is slowly but surely breaking his heart, and by the evening of the same day you've had several drinks together, and it's odds on he has shown you "her" photo and letters, and all he wants in return is—your advice.

"I felt drawn toward you from the first, old man. Yours is a face to inspire confidence" (here he tells you the amount of his letter of credit or shows you his bank draft and traveller's checks). "Of course I wouldn't talk like this to a stranger," he adds. He has known you exactly one day.

Returning to dear old London are a couple of those inevitable types who are a source of amusement on all voyages. I mean the people who have spent four days seeing America and are "writing it up for our local paper, you know." The good people of a little suburb of Newcastle on Tyne are going to hear "Yes, upon my word," that Americans are a wild lot of people, who eat hot cakes and drink ice water in the same breath. Side by side with these ship pests is the lady who wears diamonds for breakfast, the one-finger piano player who monopolizes the music room, the man who recites "Casey at the Bat" on the slightest provocation and, last but not least, the lady who has undergone several operations and is taking a sea voyage under doctor's orders.

You are comfortably settled in your deck chair reading; the night is superb and you are far enough away from the music room and the one-finger instrumentalist to be at peace with the whole world. A long line of deserted deck chairs stretches out on either side of you and there doesn't seem one chance in a thousand that you will be interrupted, when, lo and behold, the lady sailing under "doctor's orders" planks herself down beside you.

"Enjoying your book?" she asks.

"I'm just lost in it," you reply; but you have reckoned without your host.

The author of the book is taking you through some leafy dell or cool fern tree gully. The soft, downy maidenhair fern is at your feet and the smell of crushed eucalyptus leaves is in your nostrils.

"My! I do hope my stomach holds out,' puts in your deck companion, waking you from your dream. "You know, I can't hold down a thing. The doctors have tried most everything."

"Felicia fell back into his strong arms," you read, "giving herself to the love"——

"Seven stitches were put in my side and they gave up all hope."

You turn on your side and try reading aloud. "Up, up to mental heights far above physical attainments."

"The doctors recommended gluten bread and a trip abroad."

At last you close your book in despair and listen unwittingly to a variety of complaints that read like a list of casualties after a big railroad smash. Of course, all these little pests lend welcome contrast to the big humanity of the mass of passengers.

In the smoking room the atmosphere is delightfully social. Everybody is "lighted up," chairs are drawn closer, and, looking upon the scene through the haze of tobacco smoke, one could scarcely realize that he was hundreds of miles from anywhere, in the midst of the Atlantic. Here are men gathered from the four quarters of the globe, opposing forces, as it were, artistically blended by the companionship of a sea voyage into one harmonious composition. Bearded and bronzed men who had won their money from the soil far out West, hardy miners from Alaska, lumber men from Minnesota and cattle men from the South.

Canadian farmers were "swapping yarns" with delicate looking Oxford scholars, and big New York "magnates" were playing pinochle with boys from the Lambs Club. Men prominent in the "Bohemian circles" of the "Great White Way" were in earnest conversation with morose types of British globe trotters, and like the high light on a pleasing picture was the animated but friendly discussion between an Archbishop and a German Jew. Where else but amid the friendly environments engendered by an ocean voyage could such ideal conditions prevail?

There is a lady on board who would prove a veritable gold mine of copy to a writer of farce. She appears at breakfast regularly in black satin and diamonds and does not keep the story of her daily life a secret.

"Every morning of my life," she tells her neighbors at the table in a confidential whisper that can be heard above the roar of steam and storm, "my maid brings a cup of tea to my bedside," and then almost in the same breath she summons a passing steward with "Hey, mister, fetch us a bit more toast."

The passengers at a certain saloon table rejoiced in the possession of an Irish-American mining magnate, and the unconsciously humorous remarks that he let fall were as rich and plentiful as gold specks in the wash dirt of the renowned district from which he hailed.

"Good mornin'," he said, seating himself at breakfast. "We'll pass the Lusitania this mornin', I believe."

One of his table mates ventured the opinion that we had passed our sister ship during the night.

"Oh, no," said the Irishman; "I was talkin' to wan of the officers while he was cleaning the floor in the smoking room, an' he said we'd pass it this mornin'."

Sketches from the Artist's Notebook.

Chalking the Pig's Eye.

To leave the crowd of good natured, happy fellows holding a sweepstake on the day's run and to look at the sad face of the old lady by the "bridge companion" entails a violent contrast in conditions. Her face, Rembrandtesque in its intensity of light and shade, tells the story of many sorrows. She is going home to see a son who is "in trouble"—we gather. You know how this sort of news leaks out, and everybody aboard feels sorry and wants to show it. Somebody proffers her a rug, another a book, which she accepts with a smile. She makes a pretence at reading, but presently she puts the book aside with a sigh and sits thinking, thinking, always thinking. It is the sunny side of our lives that makes us all want to share that woman's troubles.

Petty beside this appear the imaginary troubles of a dear little English girl who has been spending a couple of years in the States.

"Do you know," she mournfully complains in a delightfully broad English accent "everybody is saying that I talk like an American and that I would nevah, nevah, be taken for an English girl! I do really hope that isn't true. I want everybody to know that I'm really—ah—English and that I'm going 'ome."

We have one rabid American, from Chicago, on board who thinks all Englishmen are "cold enough to sweat ice water on the Fourth of July." He, the American, is not too "cultured," but is a great reader, and nothing would make him so wild as people taking his books without permission from his deck chair. One day he semi-politely removed one of his borrowed books from the hands of a British globe trotter. "By gad, sir!" said the Englishman, subsequently describing the incident to his clique in the smoking room, "the boundah actually reads Ruskin, Tennyson, Kipling and all our othah top-notchers."

There are a few nervous people on board who, in anticipation of their visit to the Continent, have been reading books on Europe. Some of them have got hold of the wrong sort of literature and, as a consequence, are asking their fellow passengers about the dangers of Italy or the brigands of Spain, not to mention the Apaches of Paris. For the special benefit of the nervous ones a "comedian" on board deftly circulates the following yarn:—

The Amalgamated Bunco Steerers' Society of Europe, which boasts a membership three hundred thousand strong, has what is called its intelligence department; that is, it keeps paid members of the society on all boats and trains to put chalk marks upon the backs of passengers worth exploiting. The chalk marks denote to the operating members on shore the extent of the bearer's belongings. Passengers leaving the steamer at Liverpool with chalk marked coats advise the bunco steerers the exact extent of their wealth and denote the very hotel where they are going to stay. "I'll tell you something in confidence," whispers the low comedy man, and his listeners expectantly draw closer; "there are several members of the Amalgamated Bunco Steerers' Society's intelligence staff on this ship now."

And the low comedian leaves a group of nervous men and women (from Providence, R. I.) obligingly looking for chalk marks on one another's backs.

Every man and woman aboard becomes akin on hearing of the birth of a little girl in the steerage. The mother, a Hungarian woman, is returning to her native land, widowed by an accident. Her husband was blasting for the foundations of a big "skyscraper." Well, actors, owners of department stores—in fact every soul aboard—vie with one another to provide something in clothes and money for the child of that poor laborer. A drummer from Boston (he was thought to be one of the most disagreeable men on the ship) hands over, in addition to his money donation, half the toys he was taking to his sister's children in London.

A hard faced spinster sets to work to make all the baby clothes; an irascible bachelor inquires if he can buy something for the little stranger; in fact, everybody proved to be exactly opposite to what the other thought. There is nothing like clouds to bring out the sunshine in direct and welcome contrast.

And now the rattle of wine glasses and the sound of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." We are a night off Liverpool. In the bright, warm saloon the Archbishop has just proposed the health of the President of the United States, coupled with that of George of England.

The American who detested all Englishmen is singing with the crowd "God Save the King," and the Englishman who thought all Americans "boundahs" is lustily shouting to the same tune "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Anchored a few yards from English soil awaiting the dawn, little groups of men and women

The Man Who Could Not Sleep.

let the best parts of their natures—the sunny parts—shine upon one another. Scraps of conversation such as "the same blood, old chap," "England and America united will rule the world," and so forth may be heard on every hand. A few days later the Americans to show their gratitude pay triple prices in the London and Continental shops, and like flies may be seen entering the places where the spider hangs out the sign, "English and American Spoken Here."

Well, ocean travel is becoming more and more a thing of our daily lives and it is becoming a factor in uniting different peoples, for it is aboard ship that we see clearly the sunny side of one another's lives.

KINDLY CROWDS.

THAT New York is not too busy to be kind was proved by a woman who, walking at the rush hour through one of the busiest streets, felt the cord upon which were strung some handsome beads snap. The beads rolled in all directions over the sidewalk and out into the asphalt paved street, some of them going to dirty little puddles in the gutter. She regarded them in dismay. The beads were a highly prized gift and there seemed no chance of recovering them. As she pursued one little globule here and another there a man who had been rushing by at top speed stopped and began to pick up the beads. He was joined by a little girl from a millinery shop who put down her box to hunt for a bead that had rolled under a step. A rough looking teamster pulled his big horses away from one of the bright little beads lying in his way. A very nice young man took off his glove and fished one from a dirty puddle. The woman was overwhelmed. When she arrived at her own home she counted them and found the number of her treasures complete. Henceforward she will refuse to believe anything she hears about the heartlessness and rudeness of the street crowds in busy old New York.

DEATH OF "BIG BEN" BANNISTER---Last Fight Described by Scout Who Killed Him

IT was a far cry from Fort Yates, Dakota Territory, to Fort Custer, Montana, in 1879. When I received orders for my transfer in that year I set out on horseback to make the four hundred mile journey. An Indian scout accompanied me for one hundred miles, then he turned back, leaving me alone. That was at a point just about sixty miles west of the Missouri, at the edge of the Grand River timber belt.

I was riding through barren country and there weren't even chips enough to make a fire. It was cold, and at night I used to shoot three or four antelope, cut out the fat, find a large flat stone and burn the fat on it. This was the only warmth I could have. The first shack I encountered was at the Bismarck trail crossing of the Grand River. The shack was occupied by three men in the employ of the Overland Stage Company. During the night two other men arrived on horseback. The name of one I never learned, but the other was "Big Ben" Bannister, a pal of "Rebel" George, or, as he was often called, "Big Nosed" George. Both were road agents and had many holdups and murders to their credit.

Before daylight "Big Ben" and the other man passed on toward the Black Hills, and one of the employes of the Overland Stage Company told me that the two men had been very inquisitive about my identity, what was my business, and so on. Early in the morning I took

Edward H. Allison, Scout, His Daughter, Son-in-Law and Six Grandchildren

to my horse and that night staked him in a clump of red willows in the Grand River country. The sun had shone brightly all day and I spread my blankets to dry.

It is always good to know the lay of the land about you, so before making supper I climbed to the top of a butte. The only living things I could see from there were antelope, coyotes and jackrabbits. While clambering down the butte I spied the first and only black fox I have ever seen. He jumped out of a copse and ran away northward. Quick as I was with a rifle I missed him three times, and the shots I fired nearly cost me my life, as you will see.

For dinner I had some antelope meat, then after cutting some bark from the red willows to mix with my tobacco, a trick learned from the Indians, I rolled up in my blanket and, with the saddle for a pillow, was soon asleep. My feet were just at the edge of the ditch where the red willows grew.

Suddenly I was awakened by the snorting of my horse. It was a danger signal. He was accustomed to the scent of coyotes and antelopes, and I knew something out of the ordinary must be near. I sat up quickly, resting my weight on my elbows partially. Just at the instant I moved two shots rang out in the woods and two bullets tore into the saddle where a moment before my head had been.

With a single leap I was in the ditch, my loaded Winchester in my hand. Stealthily I wriggled into the patch of willows, where I would be concealed. The bank of the ditch was covered with tall grass, and peering through this I saw, not sixty yards away, two men standing with rifles ready, watching the spot where I had disappeared into the ditch. "Big Ben" Bannister was nearest to me. Careful not to stir a single leaf, I brought my rifle to my shoulder and fired. "Big Ben" pitched forward onto his face, but the smoke revealed my position.

Before the other man could fire I was at the bottom of the ditch again, wriggling along to a new position. He stood swaying from side to side, his gun ready, peering for me. I had the same advantage as before. Screened by the grass, I covered the bandit and shouted to him to throw down his gun.

Instead he fired his rifle, but missed me. He rushed at me, and there was no alternative. I pulled the trigger, and he rolled onto his back and lay still. For a long time I watched them, fearing a ruse, but the bodies did not move.

Although I finally walked over and looked at the bodies I did not like to touch them. One I recognized as "Big Ben" Bannister, but the other I knew only as a stranger, whose life I had to take to save my own.

I knew there might have been more in the party, so I made a wide detour, keeping under cover by means of the uneven character of the country. In a little cove surrounded by hills, south of the Grand River, I found where they had camped and knew there had been three of them. The third man probably had heard the sound of firing and had waited for the return of his pals. The trail showed that when they did not come he mounted one horse and rode away, leading two others. Bannister and the other men had probably been waiting for me, and the shots I fired at the black fox doubtless told them of my presence in the neighborhood.

It was not my duty to trail down road agents or bandits, so I proceeded toward Fort Custer. From Fort Keogh I telegraphed to the United States prosecuting attorney, at Helena, Montana, reporting the facts, and he replied, expressing thanks that the country was rid of the notorious outlaw.

CHINESE SEED FOODS.

MANY seeds that Americans throw away are used by the Chinese as food delicacies. Roasted watermelon seeds are always offered at the tea houses and theatres. There are several varieties—red, black, yellow and white. The red are considered the best and some watermelons are grown especially for these seeds.

Squash and pumpkin seeds are similarly used, not only in China but by the Russians in Siberia. Sunflower seeds are eaten both raw and roasted, and Americans who have eaten these seeds in China speak favorably of them.

PARADISE.

"WILL you go to heaven if you are good?" asked the cannibal king.

"I surely will," replied the missionary.

"Will I go, too?"

"Certainly."

The king smacked his lips.

"Then," said he, with satisfaction, "if my next dinner is good, I shall have it twice!"